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EDITORIAL

SENIORS' LAMENT

Here we are, sixty odd. We have just completed twelve years of "gettin' edjucated." Some of us will go on to higher institutions of learning. A few of us already have our jobs picked out. But those of us who fall into either of these categories are comparatively few. For the most part, we are a bewildered lot; torn between the passions of happiness because we are finished, and sadness, although we are reluctant to admit it, at the thought of leaving the old school.

Many were the times we were reprimanded for misbehavior. Not few were the worries and headaches brought on by examinations and tests. But now that we are in a position to look back on those things, and yet peer a bit into the future and wonder what it holds for us, it seems as though we have had a very easy time.

Constantly were we warned and instructed by our elders to make use of our school life. We, however, paid little heed.

Now that we are confronted with life and its contents we wonder if perhaps we cannot warn our underclassmen. But a little thought on the subject recalls the innumerable times we were warned by seniors but to no avail. It finally dawns upon us that unwillingness to profit from another's experience is one of the great follies of youth.

So even though we reluctantly realize that it is hopeless, we cannot refrain from extending our warnings and cautions to our successors.

Robert J. Cunningham, '40

DICTATORSHIP vs. DEMOCRACY

In a dictatorship, the conditions which exist are much different from those existing under a democratic rule.

The people, under a dictatorship, are denied the right of free speech, press, and religion. A person heard saying anything against the government is thrown into jail or placed in a concentration camp. The newspapers which are printed are subject to strict censorship by the dictator. Restrictions are also placed on the forms of religion believed in by the people.

Secondly, under a dictatorship, the majority of the people have no voice in the government. They have no part in determining what their country's laws shall be, or how they can be improved, and the policies which the government will have in crises. The people have the right to vote, but some of the government leaders have such a hold over the people that they can force them to vote as they want them to do.

Lastly, freedom of initiative and enterprise is denied the people living under a dictatorship. The people are forced to do the kind of work that the dictator tells them to do whether they like that particular work or not. They have no choice in the matter of choosing their life's work. The ruler also determines the wages which the laborers will receive for their work. Therefore, under this system, there is little chance for advancement.

Now we turn to democracy which is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Citizens are given the right to enjoy free

speech, press, and religion. That is, they can express their opinions freely on government matters and other subjects of equal importance. They can speak freely about anyone, providing they don't slander or undermine the person whom they are discussing. They are allowed to worship as they please, and take part in religious activities if they so desire. Secondly, citizens are granted the freedom to enjoy two civil rights—the right to vote, and to hold office. These rights are guaranteed them in the Constitution of the United States. Last of all, the people may petition the government at any time they desire. They also are granted the right to assemble in an attempt to settle some important problem or to discuss world events. Also, a person with the initiative has the right to invest in an enterprise of some sort. He may keep profits which his business may yield, and may expand it at his own pleasure in order to increase his yields.

Helen Burns, '40

IT IS EXASPERATING!

Oh dear, will it never let up? This is becoming unpleasantly monotonous. Beautiful spring—full of birds, bees, flowers, and sunshine, according to the poets, but according to the weather man it's full of rain, mist, drizzle, and fog. Houses, gardens, clothes, and spirits are damp. The lilacs and apple blossoms are heavy headed; hair is uncurling; people, especially baseball fans and oh-I'd-love-to-get-out-to-dig-in-the-garden-ers, are heavy hearted.

With the furnace and the sun turned off, what is there to do but shiver and sniffle? Unless it's to talk about how terrible it is, how cold you are, how miserable you feel, how rotten the weather is, and other similar cheerful topics of soggy conversation!

Well, I suppose the sun will event-

ually shine again if it hasn't disobeyed the law of gravity and still remains in the solar system. I guess the only thing to do now is to get a good book and a few handkerchiefs and huddle down by the kitchen stove as resignedly as possible in this rain-saturated condition to wait until the weather agrees with the calendar again. Phyllis Terret, '42

ENTHUSIASM

If your shoes are newly polished, if your suit is neatly pressed, if your hair is slick and shining, if you talk and talk lengthily—you possess qualities which, undoubtedly, aid in salesmanship. All these qualities, no matter how essential they may seem, are of no value whatever unless you possess enthusiasm. Your appearance and your pleasing personality will leave a favorable impression behind you. But it is not your impression you want to leave behind, it is the thing you are trying to sell, the idea you are trying to put across. Without enthusiasm this cannot be accomplished.

For enthusiasm is the thing that makes the furniture salesman convince you that his furniture is absolutely the best on the market, that makes a teacher try her utmost to put an idea across to her class. It is the enthusiasm of the painter that makes him create and make life-like, the beauties of nature on canvas. It is the enthusiasm of the orator who speaks forcefully and convincingly, that compels us to listen to him. It is the enthusiasm of a committee, of a large group working together for the success of the same thing that makes the affair what it is.

So I say to you, let us be enthusiastic. If we go at a thing with enough vim and vigor, plus oodles of enthusiasm, we cannot fail in any undertaking.

Bernice Brierley, '41

ARE NEWSPAPERS FAIR?

Are newspapers fair to the news and to the people? I don't think that they are. They are not fair to the airplane. Our newspapermen know that the people, as a whole, are afraid of the airplane and some even have the audacity to call it a death trap when it is the safest means of transportation known. Figures talk, so I will give you some. In 1937 only 32 persons were killed in accidents on our airlines. In 1938 this figure was reduced to 20 persons. In 1939 there was not one accident, although 2,028,817 passengers were carried, and 87,325,145 miles were covered.

Recently a 30-ton Boeing bomber, one of our army planes, made a flight, with the cockpit covered so that the pilot could see nothing, of over 300 miles, from Mitchell Field, Long Island, to Langley Field, Virginia, safely. Although this marked a great step forward in aviation, it was treated as just one more scrap of news by our newsmen. The *Boston Globe* put it on a page buried deep in the paper with only a picture with the words, "Plane makes blind flight," over it, and a few words under the picture. The *Lawrence Tribune* put a picture with the same words over it on a page for odds and ends of news. I think that it should have been put on the front page at least.

When an airplane crashed a while back and two men were killed, the story was considered the top news of the day. It was put on the front page with headlines and all of two and a half columns were given to it. I myself heard one person say, "Gee, airplanes mustn't be safe at all. Look at that! Two men were killed in one. It's the front page." That person did not stop to think about the hundreds of automobile accidents which are buried here and there in the paper.

Does an automobile accident reach the front page? Very rarely. Let one airplane crash, though, and there is the account out in front where everyone can see it, even though airplane crashes are rare.

Can you call that fair? Well, I can't. Why not treat the airplane fairly and put accounts of things like that blind flight on the front page, and bury the accidents?

All I can say is three cheers for the airplane. Treat it at least a bit fairly. It deserves it.

Dewey Dyer, '43

SUPERSTITION

"Superstitions! Why, we scoff, only uneducated or barbaric people practice these unscientific traditions." But just how many of us have not, at one time or another, been ever the least bit superstitious? Let us look into some of these foibles of man.

Oh! A black cat has crossed your path. Spit over your left shoulder into your shadow quickly, and all wicked spells and bad luck cast by that mysterious shadow will be dissolved. All that nonsense for a pretty, amiable kitten. Still, you must go through these sacred rites or beware!

You've gone around the left side of the post! Now all this beautiful weather that we've been having will be changed. Mark my words, tomorrow will be stormy!

Oh dear, I've thrown my hat on the bed. I'll have to be doubly careful of myself today. It means a quarrel with a friend. But maybe I'm immune, for many is the time I've done this very thing with no disastrous effect.

There, you've dropped a spoon! Have someone pick it up quickly or else you'll be charmed by some evil spell... Again I must be an individual who is not charmed by goblins for nothing has happened.

These are some of the many superstitions in which we faithfully believe. Although we have many scoffers among us, I don't believe that there is any one of us who does not look fearfully about at the mention of the fateful black cat. Yet if we didn't have dangers lurking to bewitch us at every step, what would be the fun in living in a dreary world unpainted by the fantastic?

Dorothy Dainowski, '40

PESTS I HAVE KNOWN

When I speak of pests, I don't mean the mosquito buzzing around your ear all night or the ants that crawl up your back when you lie on the ground, nor yet the fly that appears at dinner and won't be killed. I'm speaking of humans, supposedly the most educated and intelligent part of the animal kingdom.

Go, for example, into a restaurant. You have just been seated when you notice another couple just coming in. The man checks his coat and hat, flirting continuously with the check-room attendant. He blusters into the dining room telling the head-waiter that he wants a booth, although he can see that there are none available. The head-waiter, after finally getting him seated, calls another attendant to get his order. The man can't decide what he wants. One minute it's one thing, and the next minute it's an entirely different order. The girl he is with looks more and more disgusted. This goes on during the entire meal.

Take the shopper for another example. She will see an article which will capture her fancy for the moment, quite a distance away. Instead of going around the other customers she reaches right across, much to their annoyance. When she has finally decided on the article which she wishes to buy, she never waits her turn but pushes and shoves until she is waited upon.

These two types, in my opinion, are the worst sort of pests that you will have to deal with.

Barbara Bannan, '42

MONKS AND TRAINED SEALS

A wise man once said that every one of us is by instinct either a monk or a trained seal, or somewhere in between.

"The trained seal," he explained, "hasn't much foresight and works only for immediate reward. It wants a piece of fish after every act it performs. But the monk is willing to wait for eighty years or more, because he believes he will get his reward in the world to come."

Anybody can look about among his neighbors and acquaintances and see plenty of examples of both types.

Men marry according to their tendency to be a monk or a trained seal. One weds a cute little girl for the joy of admiring her charms; another selects a trained nurse who can look after him when he grows old and gouty.

Julius Ceplikas, '42





LITERARY



MOCK MURDER

The last stroke of twelve had just faded away into the heavy, moisture-laden air. The street opposite the Riverview Apartment House was deserted. High above the street in apartment 7-A Mrs. Rollins slept the sleep of the innocent. Suddenly the high, shrill cry of a woman broke the stillness. Mrs. Rollins sat up in bed with a jerk, now fully awake. Was that a cry? What could it be? Where did it come from? These thoughts tumbled across her mind in quick succession. Breathlessly she listened. Was it only a dream? No further sounds were heard except a faint shuffling from above. Finally she lay down again and tossed and turned herself to sleep.

All the fears of the night before were dispelled in the warm, bright, morning sunshine. After getting her husband off to the office, Mrs. Rollins waited impatiently for Mrs. Marsden, who lived in the apartment above, to drop in for their daily morning chat and cup of tea. However, when ten o'clock arrived and Mrs. Marsden hadn't, Mrs. Rollins thought she'd go upstairs and see what was delaying her. She summoned the elevator and very soon found herself in front of the door. She knocked. No answer. She knocked again. Still no answer. Finally she pounded on the door. Silence from within. Mrs. Rollins remembered the scream of the night before, the shuffling footsteps, and then silence. To be truthful, the sounds seemed to come from this apartment. It almost sounded as though someone had dragged a body across the floor.

Assured that something had happened to her friend, Mrs. Rollins ran down the eight flights of stairs to the superintendent's office, instead of taking the elevator, which certainly would have been quicker. Without knocking, she rushed into his office crying, "Murder! Murder!" The good man, undoubtedly upset that anything like this should happen in his apartments, called a policeman. The three of them entered the elevator and were whisked to the eighth floor. Imagine their surprise and Mrs. Rollins' chagrin when they saw Mrs. Marsden at her door taking in the morning paper. Our heroine, speechless for a moment, rushed up to her crying excitedly, "Why, Frances, what happened? You had us all upset when you didn't answer my knocking. We thought you had been murdered."

Mrs. Marsden stepped back in astonishment. Then she said, "Oh, Mary, I'm so sorry to have excited you like this. I overslept. You see last night I couldn't get to sleep. I was worried about Jack because I surely thought he'd be home last night from his trip. When I finally did get to sleep, I had such a nightmare I woke up screaming. Then I got up and took a sleeping powder so that I would be sure to sleep."

Marguerite Costello, '41

MOVE-UP DAY

A short time ago I attended "move-up day" at Sargent College of Physical Education. Move-up Day is the day when the members of the different classes "move up" to the next class.

All the students wear white dresses. The seniors wear their caps

and gowns. The freshmen wear green kerchiefs; the sophomores, blue; and the juniors, red capes.

The classes sing their school and class songs. They also sing songs to the other classes, the faculty, and to the alumnae. These songs are to the tune of popular songs, but with original lyrics.

Prizes of cups, shields, and money were awarded to individuals and to classes for achievement in certain fields.

After the seniors, carrying candles, marched up to a balcony, singing as they went, they threw their corsages to the juniors. The juniors had walked to the place formerly occupied by the seniors. The juniors turned their capes from the red side to the gold side. The sophomores walked to the place occupied by the juniors; they turned their kerchiefs from the blue side to the red side. The freshmen walked to the place the sophomores had left; they changed their kerchiefs from the green side to the blue side.

A few more songs were sung. The Dean and a few others spoke and then the ceremony was over.

Evelyn E. Lee, '42

EMPTY HANDED

Free. Just the thought of it was grand. John was free. He was going back to Rose. Should he go empty-handed, with a prison record and no job? John would find a job and then go home to Rose and carry on from where they left off two years ago.

For three months John went from factory to store, store to factory, trying to find a job. He couldn't find work, not because he was a convict, but only because there just wasn't any work. Sleeping on park benches and scraping a little here and there to eat was not what John bargained

for when he started a comeback for Rose's sake.

One day John was walking along the main street in the little town of Glendale and saw a sign which stated "Goldberg Shoe Chain Store opening here November 2nd." He entered. Even if there wasn't any work he couldn't pass up the chance. Men were working all over the place. Standing on a ladder was a tall, blond chap who spied John as he was roaming around.

"What do you want, Buddy?" said the man standing on the ladder. John looked up, startled, and said that he wanted to see Mr. Goldberg. The blond man told him to go to the anteroom at the back of the store.

John asked for work and he was asked in return if he could do secretarial work. Secretarial work! Secretarial work! It rang again and again in John's mind. Of course John could do it! Wasn't that why he was sent up for two years? Because he was desperate he had robbed his former employer of one hundred and fifty dollars.

Well, John got the job, and now back to Rose. Let's see, two years and a little over three months since he had last seen Rose.

He walked up the path to the little cottage Rose lived in. The path was overflowing with autumn leaves. He ran up the porch steps and rang the bell. He strained his ears to hear Rose yell, "Wait a minute," as she always did. Not a sound. He rang again and the sound of the bell echoed and re-echoed throughout the small frame and still no answer. Well, she mustn't be home yet. He sat down and thought over and over again what he was going to say when he saw her small, beautiful face. The swinging couch where he and Rose had sat together so many times creaked on its rusty hinges. His eyes

wandered to the apple tree that Rose had once climbed and couldn't get down. Here and there he spied different things that brought lovely old memories. Just then his eyes were attracted by the mail box. Letters were packed in there. Didn't Rose ever read her mail, John wondered. Gosh! Was anything the matter with Rose? He walked to the back of the house and found the back door was locked. He tried the pantry window, and that too was locked. He walked to the south of the cottage and looked into one of the living-room windows. Why there was Rose, sleeping on the couch, the same couch that she lay on, sobbing, the night he told her of the robbery, the night she begged him to give himself up.

He rapped on the window softly; she didn't stir. Again he rapped, a little harder this time, and still no response. Gee, Rose looked awful quiet lying there, just as if she were dead. Dead! No, not Rose, she couldn't be. John smashed the window with his fist. A stifling odor rushed out, contacting his nose. Gas? No, it couldn't be. He unlatched the window and climbed in. Yes, it was gas, and there lay beautiful, little Rose, as if she were asleep.

Thinking he was a burglar, neighbors started to come. John sat in a trance while the police were called and Rose was taken away. On the couch lay an envelope. John reached for it. It was addressed "To whom it may concern." John opened it with trembling hands and his eyes blurred as he read. "I was a fool to think John would ever come back to me. I waited two and a half years for him and he hasn't come."

Attached to the sheet of paper was a newspaper clipping which read, "John Morgan was released from State Prison today after completing his two year term."

Florence Petteruto, '40

THE CONCERT

You are comfortably seated at the concert hall, watching the hustle and bustle of those around you. Your eyes drift to the stage, where the members of the orchestra are beginning to take their places. Finally, both audience and orchestra are all seated, impatiently waiting for the conductor. Soon he enters, and you feel an exciting tenseness as he steps on his small, low platform, glances over the stage and his music, faces the audience, bows, turns to the orchestra, and raises his baton.

Now you relax and ride through Old Vienna with Strauss as the strains of "Tales of Vienna Woods" float up to your balcony. After the applause and the encore, you glance at your program and notice that you're about to hear Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance." Unconsciously you alter your position so that inaudibly tapping your fingers or toes won't be awkward. As the concert proceeds, you sit blissfully peaceful while Handel's "Largo" is played. When the violinist bows after his solo you applaud with tears in your eyes and a lump in your throat.

You leave the hall at the end of the concert, hearing on all sides of you, "I've never heard that before," or "Wasn't it wonderful?" and other such phrases. But you are still too impressed by the overwhelming beauty of music to participate in unnecessary chatter. So you hurry to where you can, without interruption, go through the concert again, in your mind.

Beatrice Britton, '42

SOWING THE SANDS

As I dodged across the shell-pocked, smoke-laden battlefield on my way back to general headquarters, I spied a soldier propped up against an abandoned, broken cart. His once fresh khaki uniform was now

tattered and torn by the percussion of the recurring shells. As I approached, my trained eyes immediately noticed his blood-stained hand clutching a jagged wound from which buckets of crimson blood eagerly gushed forth.

I knelt down beside him, and I was starting to bind his wound with the necessary first aid equipment that I carried, when he seemed to revive a little and a pitiful moan escaped his lips. He began to mumble incoherently, but I was soon able to distinguish his parlance.

"I—I knew when I joined up—that—that this would happen. I used to think—that war was glorious. Glorious? Huh!—It's anything but."

"Yes," I replied, "we all find out such beliefs are wrong, but it always happens too late and then we cannot change our views."

"I—I left my wife and son," he gasped. "I left them—God, how I love them!—left them for this. But then—then I didn't have anything to say about it. The draft came. I was called. Before I knew it I was saying goodbye. It—it was horrible—that last night. You see we left for France on a Saturday morning." He now began to sob and he was breathing very laboriously. "My little boy—he's a nice fellow—has brown, curly hair. It—it used to be blown around his head—when the wind blew. He—he was always full of fun—yes, full of fun—and happy. I hope that—that he never has to live through the horrors that I have. I've seen men blown apart—fellows who were my buddies. I've—I've seen them mowed down—just like wheat—by machine gun fire, while they were on wire duty. I've seen—"

Here I interrupted his reminiscence and ventured, "Say, Jack, you'd better stop talking. You'll need all your strength."

However, he continued to ramble

on, heedless of my warning. He had spoken only two or three words when I heard the ominous spattering of an enemy machine gun. I glanced anxiously in the direction of this dangerous chatter. I was barely able to perceive a dark figure slipping toward me. This fellow seemed to be taking needless chances—hopping from shell hole to shell hole and exposing himself to the enemy's fire. Surprising as it was, he kept coming on without being hit. Suddenly I realized he was heading for us. What a fool he was! He would draw the fire not only upon himself, but also on my wounded comrade and me. Maybe he didn't see us. But, yes, he looked right at us—and kept coming on! I was frantic because I knew the cart would be only a temporary shelter. It would be withered away in only a few minutes time before the relentless fire of a machine gun. I waved him away, but still he came greedily on, taking long, bounding steps.

As he drew closer, I noticed that his uniform was very much like mine—except it was a bit grayer. He carried a cumbersome pack on his back, pistol, gas mask, two heavy ammunition belts, and, of all things, he carried a long, curved saber in his right hand. His face was long and wan, and his deep set eyes brightly glowed as he looked toward us.

Before I realized it he was upon us. He sank down behind the cart, seating himself between the wounded soldier and me. I motioned him aside, but he remained in his chosen position, and glared at me with his cold, gray eyes.

He looked at me closely, and then, as if he could not find what he was searching for, he turned toward my companion. He then gazed longingly at him. I was able to catch a glimpse of this stranger's face, upon which I saw a cruel, leering smile. He seemed to enjoy seeing this wounded man.

What kind of a fellow was he? Had he no feeling for the wounded?

The wounded warrior continued to mutter his wild thoughts, and still this ghoulisn stranger looked at him. Since I was surprised to hear no longer the machine gun fire, I wondered why it had stopped. However, before I could ponder on this question any longer, the delirious moans of the wounded man fell upon my ears. I was able to distinguish these few unforgettable words—.

“God, why do young men like me—men who love peace—have to fight and die? Fight, because some madman wants to destroy all that science has created. Oh, God, may this calamity never occur again.”

Then the stranger bent over and touched the soldier. I could see his body relax as if he had been hit with a sledge-hammer. Suddenly there was a brilliant flash. When the sight returned to my temporarily blinded eyes, I saw that the soldier and I were again alone.

Thomas B. Lesure, '41

POPLAR ROW

The big sun peeped curiously over the far off purplish mountains and the early morning birds chirped cheerily as they flitted from tree to tree. The grey blue swallows swooped, dove and skimmed over the rich brown newly plowed earth. Each little breeze caused the tall stately poplars to murmur contentedly as they towered dominatingly over the yawning world. Faint scents of balsam and spruce could be detected through the fragrant odor of sweet spring flowers. Tall stalks of yellow grain swayed like a great golden sea calmly rolling in the morning breeze. All was well at Poplar Row.

“Pop! Pop!” shouted Paul as he ran towards his father who was plow-

ing the field across the street from an old frame farm-house.

“Now, what you do down here? I thought you fix Mr. Williams’ flower bed,” inquired Joel Mansky of his fifteen-year-old son.

“Pop,” panted Paul, “Mr. Williams is dead.” Joel heard no more. The smile disappeared from his face. Joel didn’t hear his son telling him how Mr. Williams had died from a heart attack during the night; Joel didn’t hear the birds chirping or the harness rattle as the horse shifted restlessly. Mr. Williams was Joel’s employer and friend. Joel had worked Mr. Williams’ Poplar Row farm for fifteen years. Mr. Williams had been so kind to Joel and his family, always doing something to make the family happier.

Now heavy rain clouds appeared from nowhere, filling the deep blue sky. They rolled along like Joel’s sorrows, covering all that seemed to be cheerful or gay. Then with a blinding flash and a deafening crash, a long spike of lightning with many arms, reached out of the sky and seemed to clutch at the shimmering poplars along the country road. Large drops of cold rain dropped from the blackened heavens and Joel unconsciously walked toward the large white barn. With a vacant stare still in his eyes, Joel lifted the heavy harness from the sweating back of the dapple-grey and hung it on a shining wooden peg on a nearby wall. Joel finished his chores and staggered into the big kitchen of the farm-house.

His wife came running over. “Joel, Joel,” she cried, “have you heard, Mr. Williams is dead? Joel, will that mean we’ll lose the farm? Joel, will we lose our farm?”

“I don’t know what it’ll mean, dear,” answered Joel, calmly, as he tightened his jaw so the muscles in

his face stood in little bulges and ridges.

One evening a few days after Mr. Williams' death, a loud, businesslike knock echoed through the silent Mansky house. Joel slowly arose and strode over and opened the door wide. Standing before him was a small, middle-aged man with a big Roman nose, and with an immense mouth covering half of his yellow-brown face.

"My name's Edward Stienberg," squeaked the little man, pushing past Joel into the light of the kitchen.

He continued, "I work for the First National Bank here in Ashford. We're settling up Mr. Williams' accounts. May I come in?"

"You come in, Mr. Stienberg. Come in this room where we can talk private like," grunted Joel in his peculiar manner.

Mr. Stienberg seated himself comfortably in a big chair upholstered in deep brown leather, and started talking before Joel could sit down.

"We find that this farm will have to be sold to settle Mr. Williams' accounts and we feel that you should be notified so you can have a little time to find a new house, so we will expect you out of the farm in a week."

"But—er, but Mr. Stienberg," muttered Joel, "I have been here fifteen years, and I love my farm."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Stienberg.

Joel slowly arose. His eyes, filled with hate, shone fiercely like those of a trapped animal.

"I'm no like you," roared Joel. "You sell my farm, my home without even asking me. Me no like you."

"Good day, Mr. Mansky," sneered Mr. Stienberg, sarcastically, and marched out through the kitchen door into the starry night.

During the next week the Mansky family prepared to leave Poplar Row. They had never realized before

how they loved their little nest tucked in between the rolling hills of New England. During the week an immense moving van kept rolling up and down the dusty country road, and little by little the house and barn were being emptied until the last day, when the last load of furniture was taken out and loaded into the moving van. As the van slowly rolled down the dusty roads and the family, perched on the back-board, stared back longingly at the farm, tears dropped from Joel's eyes and the house seemed to stare back vacantly.

Joel hunted for two weeks for a job that would support him and his family. He'd come home at night and sit and stare vacantly at the blank wall until it was time to go to bed. But Joel didn't rest. He kept tossing and turning and hoping dawn would hurry.

Joel walked into the large grey office of the M. J. Jones foundry.

"My name is Joel Mansky. I'm looking for a job, any kind of a job," said Joel, eagerly.

"What kind of work do you do?" barked a little man sitting behind a long oak desk.

"I work on a farm before I come here," said Joel.

"Mr. Gbler needs a man in the moulding department. Report to him tomorrow morning. I'll notify him in the meantime. Goodbye."

Joel hurried out of the office and rushed home to spread the news to his family. He raced up the narrow dark stairway to the top story of a big grey tenement in the heart of the city's slums. He flung open the door which led to the tiny kitchen cluttered up with a dirty clothes-basket, a clothesline, and a big stove, and a few chairs and a table. A damp, musty odor of clothes lingered with the smell of cooking cabbage.

"Mummy! I got work, I got work,"

yelled Joel, with big crystal tears running down his cheek.

"Oh Joel," muttered Mrs. Mansky, as she straightened up from her wash-board and rushed into his outstretched arms.

"My name's Joel Mansky. I'm looking for Mr. Gobler," inquired Joel the next morning of a roughly dressed man.

"Dat's me, what you want," growled Mr. Gobler.

"The man in the office said you are looking for a man, and I want work plenty bad," said Joel, eagerly.

Jim Gobler looked down from his paper at the squatty form of Joel, eyed him all over, and then frowned as he inwardly debated with himself whether this was the right man for the job.

"You're hired, but I want you to understand one thing, I'm boss, you're worker, and you work like h— if you work for me. You get \$14 a week and all you do is push a kiddy car around."

The kiddy car turned out to be a cast-iron truck cart which was made in the shape of a bowl. Joel's job was to fill this truck with molten metal and push it where the moulds were, where he emptied the metal into all kinds of moulds. Joel worked hard the first morning, and was still going strong when the noon-bell rang. He was walking toward the wash-room to eat his lunch when a big lumbering negro hailed him.

"Hey, bud! You!" yelled the black worker. "Hey, I'm George Washington. Just call me Wash. I noticed you this morning. You work too hard. The boys don't like hard workers. So, if you want to stay healthy, don't over work. No hard feelings."

At night Joel would just think. He'd think about the farm, the country, the birds, the cattle, the whispering pines, the big creaking elm trees,

the children splashing in the sandy river and the swooping swallows. He'd think about the country noises at night, the rhythmic cricket, the creaking frog and the restless cattle lowing in the barn. Then his ears would hear the honking horn, the yell of the children playing in the streets, and the steady rumble of city traffic. He'd think of the sweet smell of new mown hay, and then the smell of the city dumps burning would mingle in and mix with the smoky smell of the big metropolis. He would think of himself swaggering down through the meadow in back of his dapple greys and then a more vivid picture of the same man dodging city traffic would flash into his tormented mind. He would think of his family seated around the parlor stove in the old farm-house, and then his mind would turn to his present family; his wife working over a wash-board all day and going to bed right after supper; his son, Paul, at the corner pool room, not getting in until early morning; his younger children filthy with city grease and grimy dirt with nowhere to play but in the street. His mind would wander to his sturdy dapple greys and then he would see the milkman's broken down horse or the junk dealer's worn out horse, and he'd think what a disgrace to horse flesh these fugitives from the soap factory were. Joel was slowly going crazy, he thought. He would look at his thin wife lying on the frame bed. Such a complete change from a healthy farmer's wife to a skin covered skeleton could never be true. He would think of his pale children and then of himself, a nervous wreck.

Joel kept working at the foundry for two months. His family was unhealthy, his pay was small, his hours were long. Joel hated the city, he hated his work, he hated his home, he hated life as it now was.

As Joel pushed his six hundred pound truck full of molten iron he often thought of his country home. As he ate his lunch he told Wash about his beloved country home.

Joel's truck clattered noisily over the cobble-stone floor of the foundry, reminding him of his wooden dump cart rolling along the country roads. The squeaking came as a poor substitute for the spring songsters. His mind rambled through the memory book of his life. Suddenly his foot stepped into the little hole where a cobble-stone had worked loose and come out. He lurched forward. He flung out his left arm to break his fall. There was a sizzle, a smell of burning flesh, a terrifying scream and a black wall closed Joel out from the rest of the world.

The next few days for Joel were a blurred mass of white-robed men and women, pain and the pure but disagreeable smell of the city hospital. On the fourth day things became more clear. He recognized his thin, pale wife, his son Paul, and people in white always bothering him.

"Mr. Mansky, do you wish to see a Mr. George Washington?" chirped a little nurse, dressed in a spotless uniform, on the evening of the fourth day.

"Is he here! Is he here! Tell him to come in quickly," cried Joel, excitedly.

"You can come in now, Mr. Washington," Joel heard the nurse chirp, just outside his door.

"Hello, Joel, you old worm," blurted Wash. "Gee, you don't look sick."

"What happened, Wash? What happened?" begged Joel.

"Oh, you tripped on the floor of the hell house and took a dive in the hot stuff and came out minus a hand."

"Wash, Wash! They didn't take my hand, did they?" screamed Joel, as he grabbed for his left hand. "Wash, what'll I do? They took my hand." And Joel fell back in a faint from excitement.

"Nurse! Nurse! Come quick, Joel died, he did," bellowed Wash.

Two dreadful weeks passed for Joel, until one day a neatly dressed man stepped into Joel's room.

"How are you feeling today, Joel?" he inquired, politely. "I'm Mr. Saunders of the John Hancock Insurance Company. We cover the insurance for the place you worked."

"You come in and sit down, please," grunted Joel.

"We've been looking into your case and find you are entitled to our super salary bonus. In other words you shall receive one thousand dollars besides having all your hospital bills paid and a weekly salary," continued Mr. Saunders.

"You mean I get paid for losing my hand?" exclaimed Joel. "Oh, I can buy a farm now!"

"Maybe I could help you, Joel. You know our company's real estate too. I think I could get you a very nice place. We have a place called Poplar Row that we got from the First National Bank. I could get it for you."

Joel heard no more. His mind rushed back into the days of the past and to Poplar Row.

The big sun peeped curiously over the far off purplish mountains and the early morning birds chirped cheerily as they flitted from tree to tree. The grey blue swallows swooped, dove and skimmed over the rich brown, newly ploughed earth. Each little breeze caused the tall stately poplars to murmur contentedly as they towered dominatingly over the yawning world. Faint scents of balsam and spruce could be detected through the fragrant odor of

sweet spring flowers. Tall stalks of yellow grain swayed like a great golden sea, calmly rolling in the morning breeze. All was well at Poplar Row. Robert Wainwright, '41

SPRING

The ice on tiny brooklets breaks,
It cracks and splits on bounded lakes,
While pussywillows quickly spring,
The air with songs of birds does ring.

The ghostly trees are gathering green,
While woodland flowers form a screen;

Their blossoms scent the air so clean,
And eyes for beauty grow more keen.

A robin sings on every twig,
And farmers have begun to dig,
While bluebirds are now singing,
Whose songs now are gayly ringing.

The birds are hopping here and there
And are seeking string and hair,
To make a nest of strength and ease;
Then with their songs they try to please.

Frances Martin, '40

THE SCHOOL BUS

After the school work is all done,
We tensely sit till the bell has rung,
There it goes, up we jump,
Down the stairs on the run.

Everyone runs to put on his coat.
Whose scarf is that around my throat?

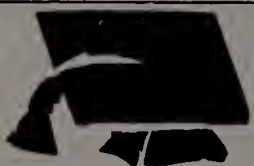
Outside waits the orange bus.
All fight for best seats with many a cuss.

The studious talk of the homework they've got,
And others talk of the nights that they're out.

There are laughing boys and smiling girls,
With teeth that shine like pure white pearls.

Over the bumpy road and under the trees,
The motor humming like busy bees.
Up the green walled hill and down,
Everyone singing cause they're home-ward bound.

Carmella Petteruto, '42



RECORD



GRADUATION

Graduation exercises will be held on June 27th. The valedictory address will be given by Dorothy Dainowski, the salutatory address by Doris Rea, the class essay by Louise Detora. Katherine Wainwright will give the class history, and Robert Cunningham the class oration. Mr. Hayes will award the annual prizes, which consist of the Women's Club Scholarship, won by Arthur Greenwood, the chemistry prize, the Harvard Book, and the history medal.

STUNT NIGHT

Stunt night was held on May 17. Amusing stunts were put on by each class. The faculty and school committee acted as judges. The junior class was the winner of the gavel. A grand march was an outstanding affair of the evening, led by Helen Polichnowski and James Flannagan. Refreshments were served.

JUNIOR-SENIOR PROM

The Junior-Senior Prom was held on June 7th. All the girls looked charming in their gay-colored eve-

ning gowns. Faculty and school committee witnessed the gala affair. It was the first prom Johnson has had for a good many years, and I'm sure you'll all agree it was most successful. Refreshments were served and the grand march was the main event, led by Bing Miller and Anna McKinnon. Miss Mary Buckley was the faculty adviser for this affair. The committee included Philip Miller, James Flanagan, Robert Hall, Katherine Wainwright, Ruth Stevenson, Robert Sullivan, Joseph Willis, Ernest Summers, Barbara Dearden, and Dorothy Nicoll.

JUNIORS ELECT

The junior class held elections, and voted for class marshals at graduation. Those elected were Robert Sullivan and Ernest Summers.

CLUBS

The Sub-Deb Club seems to be quite busy planning a week-end trip to Salisbury Beach in the near future.

The Debating Club had a dance on May 10th. The members of the club put on a play and then dancing followed. Refreshments were sold.

The Basketball Club is going on a week-end party to Salisbury Beach, the week-end of June 14th. Miss Anna Mackie, president of the club, is in charge of the affair.

ASSEMBLIES

The WPA band returned to play for us once more. Their keen interpretation of popular songs was very entertaining to the entire assembly.



BASEBALL



Johnson was defeated in the opening game against Chelmsford by a score of 2 to 1. Bing Miller pitched a two-hit game. Bing also led in batting by getting three hits out of four times at bat.

Johnson defeated Brooks in the second game by a score of 19 to 1. Keating allowed Brooks but five hits. Red Greenwood was the big sticker for Johnson, getting four hits.

The third game Johnson played was with Howe from Billerica. This game was won by Johnson, 27 to 1. Bob Sullivan was the sticker in this game by collecting three hits out of five times at bat. Two of these hits were home runs.

Johnson won its fourth game by defeating Dracut 2 to 1. Miller fanned 18 Dracut batters and gave 3 hits. Punky Stewart starred at bat by

collecting two hits out of three times up.

Johnson defeated Methuen behind the four hit pitching of Miller. Stewart starred at bat and also in the field. He put out 11 Methuen batters out of 12 chances.

In the second game with Brooks, Johnson defeated them by a score of 10 to 1. Greenwood was unable to play this game because of an illness.

Johnson defeated Wilmington by the narrow margin of 3 to 1. Sullivan got three hits out of five times at bat.

Bob Sullivan is leading in home runs, having three to his credit. Red Greenwood is next with one. Jack Lanni is leading in stolen bases; he has stolen 14 bases since the season started. Stewart is next with 7 to his credit. Captain Red Greenwood was unable to play in the first few games

because of an illness. Our pitchers have good records up to now. Miller has won six games and lost only one; Keating has won three games but only one of these was a league game.

The batting averages for the first eight games:

Summers	.550
Greenwood	.435
Lanni	.411
Miller	.371
Sullivan	.342
Keating	.333
Glidden	.310
Routhier	.266
Stewart	.250
Mackie	.235
McCubbin	.210
E. Sullivan	.000
Allen	.000

	The Standing		Pct.
	Won	Lost	
Chelmsford	8	0	1.000
Johnson	7	1	.857
Punchard	7	1	.857
Methuen	4	4	.500
Dracut	3	5	.375
Tewksbury	3	5	.375
Howe	0	8	.000
Wilmington	0	8	.000

ALUMNI ROLL CALL

Joseph Kattar '37 Boston School of Pharmacy.

Leon Diamont '33 Mass. General Hospital (training).

Raymond Lavin '33 Villanova.

James Hargreaves '37 Northeastern.

John James '38 Northeastern.

Clayton Kennedy '38 Northeastern.

Kenneth Dill '39 McIntosh.

Kenneth Brierly '39 McIntosh.

Marie Dolan '37 has been elected president of the senior class at Lowell Teachers' College.

Tom Sullivan '38, running true to form, is president of next year's junior class at Holy Cross.

GLEANINGS

"Oh yes, ma'am, this is good china," explained a clerk. "It's right from Japan."

Wife: "How do you like the first cake I ever baked?"

Husband: "It's lucky I'm a carpenter."

Bob: "Say, you must have had eggs for breakfast."

Ray: "What makes you think so?"

Bob: "You're cracking a lot of yolks."

A friend called upon a guest at a hotel, knocked, and asked him to open the door.

"Can't; door locked!" The voice within announced.

"Well, unlock it!" the caller requested.

"Can't; lost the key!"

"Great Scott, man. What will you do if there's a fire?"

"I won't go."

Assembly announcement:

"Found: A roll of five dollar bills. Will the owner please form a line at the north entrance to my office?"

Mr. Cavalieri: "Do you think paper can be used effectively to keep people warm?"

Tracy: "I should say so. The report card I brought home will keep the family hot for six weeks."

A LIMERICK

There was a young lady named
Hannah,
Who stepped on a peel of banana.
She slipped off her feet,
And then took a seat,
In a very un-lady-like mannah!

George Mattheson '40

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